

It is true, that should he repeat his offense, the Legislature cannot again save him; but it accords him with humanity, and only delivers him to the civil judge, upon his promising that if the slightest criminal should receive sentence of death, it shall be executed without effusion of blood. Here is tenderness!

But after saying all that can be alleged in favor of the Holy Office, some particulars must be added, which will explain the nature and extent of this apparent lenity and kindness. The witnesses are never confronted; all descriptions of people are received as witness, even such as are interested in the death and condemnation of the accused; he is not suffered to make any remark upon the evidence of persons the most notoriously untruthful of any, and the most decisive in their testimony. The number of the witnesses is often reduced to five; in which are comprehended the supposed accomplices, whose depositions are extracted by torture; and who, to save their own lives, avow what they have not done; and the accused himself, who, confessing on the rack the crime of which he is guilty, is also reported as a witness. The number of seven is often substantially reduced to one, from being composed of convicts, who are really innocent of the offense imputed to them, but whom the Legislature renders effectually criminal by compelling them, either from dread of the stake, or by torture, to accuse the guiltless in order to save themselves. To make this mystery intelligible, it should be noticed that, among the crimes cognizable in the Legislature, there are some which may be committed by one person alone, as blasphemy, impiecy, &c.; there are others which cannot be committed without one accomplice at least, as sodomy; and others again, which require several, as assisting at the Jewish Sabbath; participating in those superstitious assemblies which the converted Catholics so reluctantly relinquish, and which are denominated magic and witchcraft, because they are held in order to discover secret matters, and penetrate into futurity by means which cannot naturally lead to such results.

It is in regard to such crimes as cannot be perpetrated without one or more accomplices that the proceedings of the Holy Office are the most extraordinary.

The Jews having been expelled from Spain by Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabella of Castile, his Queen, sought refuge in Portugal, where they were allowed to reside on the condition of embracing Christianity, at least in outward profession. As the Jewish name is everywhere odious, the Christian families are distinguished from the converted Jews, whose descendants, however remote, are termed, even to this day, *New Christians*; and as, in course of time, some of them have formed matrimonial connections with the old Christians, their issue are daily reproached with being in part new, which the Portuguese express by saying, *Tua parte de Christiano novo*; so that, though their grand-fathers and great grand-fathers may have been Christians, these unfortunate are unable to procure admission into the number of *Cristão velhos*, or Old Christians. The families which are thus directly or partially descended from Jews, being well known in Portugal, and the objects of hatred and manevence to some, are obliged to associate together for the interchange of mutual services which they cannot receive from others; and this very union increases the contempt and aversion which are entertained towards them, and is the general occasion of their troubles.

SERPENT-TONGUED INFANT.

TRIVERTON, (R. I.) May 23, 1837.

To the Editor of the Fall River Patriot:

Sir—I can't resist the opportunity to make you acquainted with such of the facts as have come to my knowledge relative to the "serpent-tongued infant," of which we had casually heard just previous to my departure for Block Island. Quite unexpectedly, day before yesterday, I found myself in the very neighborhood of this strange and wayward production of nature. My curiosity as you may well suppose was greatly excited, and I confess I felt an intense anxiety to examine for myself an object which began to excite so much interest in the neighborhood of its occurrence. Mr. T., a worthy old gentleman in the vicinity, for a former acquaintance of mine, with whom I accidentally met, kindly offered to accompany me to Mr. W.'s the father of the unfortunate child. We reached there about 9 o'clock this morning, and were received very courteously by Mr. W. and his little resting young wife. After an agreeable introduction, my aged friend stated the object of our visit, and the desire I had manifested to see the unfortunate child, of whom I had just heard. Mr. W. informed us that for several weeks he had, in almost every instance, declared himself strangers as he thought their presence had an unfavorable effect upon the child, but as I had come a considerable distance out of my way, he was disposed to gratify my wish, more especially as he thought I might give him some advice in relation to the course he ought to pursue. We were then invited into an adjoining room, in one corner of which we beheld, seated in a small chair, a most horribly emaciated little child, apparently about two years old. I am aware that I shall totally fail in giving you any thing like an adequate idea of the miserable object before us. Imagine, if you can, an infant, or more child, of about the age above supposed, reclined on a very skeleton, bony, and covered with a parched and shriveled skin, dark and unelastic as the corresponding structure in the whered octogenarian. Its little red, red, fiery eyes, rolling restlessly in deep recesses of its fleshless sockets, sent forth horrid flashes of indignation, when the door of its apartment was thrown open. The little sufferer opened his mouth, and in the place of the tongue and for a tongue, a serpent's head and neck were thrust out, vibrating and hissing with an intensity peculiar to the most venomous varieties of

that repulsive species of animated nature. I could not for several minutes master sufficient courage to approach the object of my curiosity. I was fixed to the spot which I at first occupied, while the serpent-headed tongue continued to dart forth and recede with the quickness of thought; its little forked and fiery tongue at the same time playing about the lips and nostrils of the child, quivering in velocity the lightning's flash!

Mr. W., the father, gradually approached the child, all the time speaking very soothingly to it, and in a few minutes succeeded in producing quiet—the head receded, the lips closed over it, and the infant exhibited the aspect only of extreme emaciation. But the moment I moved towards the child, even but a single step, the mouth would open, the head and body would dart forth, and the same dreadful spectacle I have already imperfectly described would be again presented. The father, however, besought me to approach, which I did, but never shall I forget the tremendous hissing which came from the serpent head, & tongue of the little sufferer. I was several minutes before quietude could be produced, and even then the slightest motion on my part would cause an instantaneous protrusion of the unsightly organ, accompanied by a hissing sound, more or less intense according to the fears of the little child—I had several fair opportunities of seeing the strange member, and I will endeavor to give you a description of it. Its color is dark copper shining and in places inclining to streaks of green. Its eyes are jet black, and when the light strikes them favorably, no diamonds ever sent forth more brilliant scintillations of a light! A bright yellow ring encircles the neck and less too the appearance of gold. The mouth of this serpent-headed tongue is quite large, and was always slightly open when the head was protruded beyond the lips. Its hole forked tongue, as I have already said, was incessantly in motion. We stayed in the room just 30 minutes, during the latter part of which time the child became very quiet, and took freely of milk, its usual food. The father told me that he had known the tongue to bite several times, and once when it fastened upon one of his fingers, much swelling and soreness followed. Indeed he was only relieved by a copious bleeding. He informed me also that the child eat voraciously of milk, and sometimes other kinds of food, but that it preferred the former. The child is of the female sex. He stated further that several eminent physicians and surgeons had been to see the child, and that it had been recommended by one, the eminent Dr. W., that the tongue be extirpated. I coincided in this opinion, and advised that the Doctor be called on to perform the operation. The father, Mr. W. is about 28 years old, and the mother, I should judge about 22. She is very beautiful, has been married about five years, and this is the first and only child. I have omitted names in this hasty sketch, at the request of the parties concerned.

Yours, &c.

The above article which we see copied into several papers, was, no doubt, written to test the credulity of the public. Our own "organ of marvels" is not, as the phrenologists tell us, very marvelously developed, nevertheless reading the above narrative brought what we have of it into activity, and the effect, we confess, was such as we should not care often to repeat. The writer seems to be pretty successful at off-hand description of an object of fancy; but like many writers of fiction, he is deficient in a knowledge of the laws of nature in the department in which he undertakes to exercise his faculty. *Lusus nature* never exhibits so wide a departure from the established laws of the animal economy as is supposed in the above sketch. We have heard of a hand (or rather the termination of the arm) having the shape and somewhat appearance externally of an Irish potato, but not the nature of that plant. A mark, as it is called in popular language (*Nævus maternus*, in the technical language of physicians) may bear some remote resemblance a strawberry or grape, or some other fruit; but it will still be flesh and blood. The tongue of a child might be misshapen, and might possibly bear some resemblance to the head and neck of a serpent; but then it would not have the eyes, nor the tongue nor the mouth of a serpent; much less, the child being the offspring of a human parents, would it or the tongue have the nature of a serpent.

ED. CHERAW GAZETTE.

WITCHCRAFT REVEALED.—Within about ten days past, a series of occurrences of a most mysterious and malicious character have taken place in the family of Mr. David Clark, of this city. If the same things had happened in the days of Cotton Mather, old Satan himself certainly would have been brought into the scrape, and perhaps some one bagged up and thrown into the river, for a witch. As near as one could get the story together, from information we have met, it is as follows: About ten days since, a basket of clothes, which had just been washed, and left in the yard a moment preparatory to being hung out, were suddenly transferred to an old dirty chip basket, by which an extra rising was required, before they were fit to be dried. One morning while the family were in the sitting room, a barrel of flour was turned bottom upwards and emptied, and some other things scattered about the room. Toward night, a pane of glass was broken in a window in the kitchen, by a piece of coal thrown against it, and the next day a window beside the front door was broken in the same way. Since that time, almost every day, coal has been thrown at the windows, breaking a pane of glass at a time, but though the family

have kept as close a watch as possible consistent with other duties, and have even their neighbors and friends to assist in keeping a look-out, no one has seen the coal thrown—it is always done just at the moment when no one happens to be looking. One large piece of coal came through the window, and struck the head of the girl living in the family, fourteen or fifteen years of age, hurting her considerably. One day, the girl was placing a clothes horse hung full of clothes, against one of the broken windows, when suddenly a hand was thrust through the broken pane, and a garment pulled from the frame through the window. The alarm was given and two or three ran to the door—the garment lay on the ground near, but though strict search was made, the rogue was not to be found. The mischief thus almost happened in the arms of Mr. Clark himself, while he has been in his story, or about his business; but on one occasion a window was broken while he was in the house. He instantly ran out, jumped a fence or two, and looked in every direction, without seeing any one, but just as he was entering the house in his return a voice at a little distance addressed him, "D'ye give it up?" "No, not yet," said Mr. C. and I started again in the direction of the voice, but was the second time obliged to make his return *non est*. This was early on a bright moonlight evening. One day last week, as the girl before mentioned was passing along a space-way towards the kitchen with a bundle of some kind in her hand, she observed that the door leading from the space into the cellar was partly open and on attempting to shut it, she felt some one pressing against it; on looking, she saw she saw a large negro on the cellar steps who threatened her life if she made any noise. She screamed and fled. Mrs. Clark found the girl lying on the floor, and on examination the back side doors were found open—they must have been opened from the inside. Since that time, the doors of the chambers in the second story have been mysteriously thrown open several times. On Sunday last, Mr. Clark and his children had gone to church, leaving his wife and the girl at home. Mrs. C. as has been her custom, since the commencement of these transactions locked the outside doors when her husband went out; and then locked all the chamber doors except one where she drove a large nail over the latch. About fifteen minutes after, she thought she heard the front door swinging. Upon looking, she found it open and the nail which had fastened one of them broken short off in the door. Who had done it was the question, and on the only answer was, *who?* Tuesday afternoon, after Mr. Clark had gone to the store, Mrs. C. locked the front door and put the keys in a bureau drawer in the sitting room. She then went into the kitchen, where the girl was at work. Having been occupied about fifteen minutes, she returned and found the front door wide open, and the keys on the floor beside it! After tea the same night, Mrs. C. was in the sitting room and the girl busy in the back room. Suddenly the girl was seized, (as she afterward stated) a hand placed over her face and a rowl cloth twisted round her neck. She gave one scream, and Mrs. C. instantly ran out, found the girl lying on a heap of coal in the room, the cloth round her neck, and scarcely able to breathe. The girl said she got a glimpse of the person who seized her—that he ran out at the back door—and she thinks that it was the same negro whom she had seen before. This is the last prank of which we have heard. What will come next nobody knows; but we hope it may be the detection of the mysterious scoundrel, who no doubt, is destined ere long to "catch a benefit." It is evident that, whoever is the author of this mischief, it is some one constantly watching an opportunity; and the object seems to be to make every thing appear as mysterious as possible. It generally happens in the morning or early in the evening. Nothing is attempted at night—very seldom when Mr. Clark was at home—and never when any one is watching. The object is not to plunder, and no attempt has been made to injure any one of the family except the girl. How any person can enter the house so often without being detected, or where any one can be secreted is unaccountable. It is a new brick house, in Kilmour-street.—*Hart. (Conn.) Cour.*

From the Columbia Telescope.
Messrs Editors—I was for many years an opponent of the old Bank of the United States, and have been of the present Bank, because I deemed it UNCONSTITUTIONAL in Congress to erect such an institution, knowing that the proposal was rejected in the Convention of 1787, directly and indirectly. In the year 1814, I had conversations with the late Mr. Dallas on the subject, to whom I submitted the preceding argument, and Mr. Madison's doubts and difficulties. Mr. D. has replied, the institution of a national bank has been sanctioned in full view of all these difficulties, by the actual establishment of the former bank, by repeated legislative, executive, and popular recognitions of its constitutionality, and it is now universally acknowledged to be necessary as an adjunct and instrument of the fiscal power of the general government. Such a question as this, must be considered at rest at any time or on any. *Interest reipublicæ ut nique sit finis litium.* With such an immense amount of property resting on the permanent validity of so many acts of the Legislature, and so many decisions of the courts, and so long continued popular acquiescence, there will be no security for property of any kind, if these principles are now to be shaken. Moreover, we claim the right, if not as a substitute, as an implied power, useful, necessary, proper, and adopted to the fiscal wants of the government.

To this I answered—the former bank was obtained through the influence of the federal party and the paper money speculators, over General Washington; and the one of the federal city was in some way connected with it. But laying aside all objections of influence, I contend that as a power, it is a question of jurisdiction, which may be urged at any time. A power originally incompact, cannot acquire legitimate authority by usurpation. If Congress have not the power, time cannot give it against the people; the people alone must confer it. I claim the benefit of the law relating to questions of jurisdiction, never out of time.

As to your claim in favor of a national bank as an implied power, you are bound by the Constitution to show, that it is not merely convenient, useful, proper, or adapted—you must show that it is *necessary*; that you cannot do without it; that you have tried all other feasible plans, and are driven to this remedy. You have not tried a national treasury, and the credit you may attach to it—you have not tried a system of state banks, dispersed over the country, for the convenience of regulating domestic exchanges. You have not tried a Treasury Board of Commissioners, or other plans which I have not knowledge enough to suggest or devise. Prove to me the necessity of your measure, and I yield. If I claim the right of going through your meadow to get at my land, it is not enough that I show it to be convenient, useful, or expedient for me to take that road; I must show that I have no other; that it is necessary to go that way, if I go to my own land.

Mr. Dallas replied—we feel such an institution at this moment absolutely necessary, to counteract the refusal of specie payments by the state banks. The power of government is paralyzed by their extensive influence, and the management of the revenue is not in the hands of the government, while these institutions possess their present controlling power. The aid of a national bank supported by, and supporting the wholesome influence of government in collecting its taxes in valuable instead of worthless paper, has become a want of indispensable necessity, and constitutional or not, your federal government cannot get on without it.

To this I had nothing to say, necessarily acknowledges no law, and I acquiesced. I was confuted undoubtedly, but not convinced. My prejudices in favor of the Constitution continued till the plan of a national bank in New York, attributed to Mr. Van Buren, came in full force against me. If we are to have a national bank, it is the government and the people are resolved on it, why are we to prostrate an undoubtedly useful institution now in existence, in favor of any untried parry measure? I supported therefore, before the public, the claims of Mr. Biddle's present bank, as one of tried and approved merit, skill, and honesty. It was in reality what it ought to be, an independent bank, conducted merely and fairly an genuine banking principles.

That bank has been prostrated; and with it the commercial credit of the country, notwithstanding the state and local banks have increased in number from 320 to 823. The substitutes I suggested as useful and proper, have been tried, and tried in vain. Weighed in the balance they are found wanting. Mr. Dallas' treasury notes were depreciated paper—a total failure. The deposits having been removed from the treasury, the system of state banks dispersed through the country, have been tried to the utter disgrace of every party concerned; from Gen. Jackson to each state director and officer. The Treasury, where is it? The public funds—where are they? The solvency of government—a phantom, non existing.

As an implied power, therefore all my objections having been acted on and found worthless in practice, I GIVE UP. I am confuted by past and present facts. My notions have been tried doubtless, by very objectionable experiments, but I cannot honestly resist the results. I agree therefore, with the late Mr. DALLAS, that a national bank is an instrument necessary to come in aid of the fiscal duties of our government, and therefore, as an implied power, CONSTITUTIONAL. But heaven forbid that government should have the control in it over it. Such are the present views of THOMAS COOPER, M. D. Columbia, S. C. July 1, 1837.

OLD AGE.—It is a subject well worth considering, why the mental faculties of some persons fail so much sooner than those of others. While in some we see an early dotage, we see others who retain their vigor of mind to extreme old age. Now I believe this difference is to be traced, principally, to the different habits of the persons. The mind, as well the body, to be kept in energy, must be kept in action. But most men begin to relax their mental labors about the age of fifty—some much sooner. We need not wonder, then, to hear so many, about that age, if not earlier, complain of the failure of memory. But we seldom see those who keep up the habits of intellectual activity, discover and failure of the memory, or of their other faculties, at any age—unless when the body is greatly disordered by disease. Many of the giants of literature have written their best works in old age; among whom may be mentioned, Milton, Burke and Johnson—Franklin, at 80, displayed all his original vigor of mind—and so, I doubt not, does our great Lexicographer, Noah Webster, now. I spent some time with him, when he was about 70, and saw no marks of mental or bodily decrepitude—for he then retained all those habits of industry, which have made him one of the most learned men of our age, and the author of the best Dictionary in the English Language. He might then have said, with Solon—"learning something daily, I grow old." But a person of a mind naturally as strong as Sir Isaac Newton's may, by mental inaction, become unable to solve a common question in arithmetic. Dean Swift is a melancholly instance of mental imbecility, brought on by mental inaction. He gave over these habits indus-

try which had raised him to eminence at an early period—for, when from some whim, he would not use spectacles—he sank into mental indolence, and died "a drivelle, and a shew!" So the ancient Athlete, when they, by a severe discipline, had gained the prize they sought, often gave over exertion, grew fat and sluggish, and died! Swift's conduct was similar to theirs. He knew that nothing but labor would raise him to the eminence he sought; this he therefore underwent; but when he had gained the object of his ambition, he gave over his habits of industry, and sunk into mental imbecility. Many others act in a similar manner, and then blame their age! It seems to me that there is no period of life in which a man of learning can employ his time to the same advantage as in old age; for intellectual treasures are like other treasures, the more we have, the easier we gain. And besides, he then has the knowledge obtained by experience—the most important, and the most practical of all knowledge. Homer represents his aged Nestor as "wise from time, and narrative with age!" The mind is not, like the body, worn out with age. It does not become bloodless and ossify—it is a spiritual substance, and is destined to "flourish in immortal youth."—*Herald.*

THE ART OF WRITING.

The Rev. J. Williams, in his "narrative of Missionary Enterprise," gives the following interesting anecdote:—"In the erection of his chapel," (at Barotonga) "a striking idea of the feelings of an untaught people, when observing for the first time the effects of written communications. As I had come to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me the article. I called a child, who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him, 'Friend, take this, go to our house, and give this to Mrs. Williams.'

He was a singular looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in one of the numerous battles he had fought, lost an eye and giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said, 'Take that! she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.' No, I replied she will not: take it, go immediately, for I am in haste. Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it, and asked, 'What he must say; the chip will say all I wish.' With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said, 'How can it speak? Has this a mouth?' I desired him to take it immediately, and not to spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house, he gave it to Mrs. Williams, who read it—threw it away and went to the tool chest, whither the chief resolved to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams gave me? 'Why,' she replied, did you not give me a chip just now? 'Yes,' said the astonished warrior, but I did not here it any thing.' 'If you did not I did,' was the reply; for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return it as quickly as possible.' With this the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, 'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk; they can make chips talk!' On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the information in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip hung it around his neck, and wore it for some time. During several following days we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with interest while he narrated the wonders which the chip had performed.

AMERICAN SILK WORM.—Mr. C. F. DE-RANT, of Jersey city, has discovered that this country has its native Silk Worm as well as the old world, that spins as fine and soft a material as the imported. The cocoon is much larger, yielding about 40 per cent. More than European worm. They are covered with a kind of shell of compact and hardened silk, which seems to require moisture and warmth to effect the process of hatching. Mr. D. is endeavoring to remedy this difficulty. The hatching being much later than the foreign worm, it is supposed that a second crop may be obtained in the same coconery. Another advantage in favor of the native worm is, it will feed on our native trees which put out earlier than the mulberry.

The Postmaster General, in a letter declining an invitation to attend the Democratic Celebration of the Fourth of July at Philadelphia, holds the following language:—"It is a glorious day, but the joys of its advent are dashed a little by the relation in which we are now placed, by the acts of our own citizens, to the kingdom from which we were then saved. A paltry tax on tea broke the political bond; but now, every man, woman, and child in this vast Republic is taxed in his hands, his bread, and his labor, to pay off the debts of banks, brokers, and merchants, to that proud day. Our money is reduced to rags, every day becoming more worthless, that a few may maintain their credit abroad by shipping our silver and gold, having forced it out of its legitimate use as a currency by depreciating its paper associate from ten to forty per cent. almost at a blow."

We are not quite enough of loco-foco to go this. We have never been accused of believing it an act worthy of reproach for "banks, brokers, and merchants" to pay their honest debts; and appropriation of "our gold and silver" for this purpose, strikes us as being a nearer approach to its "legitimate use" than its accumulation in the Treasury, or practically withdrawing

it from the channels of business in any other shape.—*Balt. Transcript.*

Comfort for Gen. Jackson.—At Nashville, (Tenn.) the notes of the United States Bank, of whose solvency he pretended to be so doubtful when it was alive and active, are now on a par with specie so long after it is dead and buried; while the notes of his Deposite Banks, which he has wasted millions of People's money to purchase and support, are at a discount of from seven to twenty per cent! This is the "better currency" which he promised, and which is in fact no currency at all. We should advise the old man to call in and burn his "Farewell Address," and send out a full recantation and humble acknowledgment to the nation, begging their pardon for having inflicted upon them the most enormous evils in return for the most unlimited confidence. —*Haverhill Gazette.*

STATE INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.—The last Legislature of Ohio did itself much credit by making provision for the immediate establishment of a School for the Blind. The Rev. James Hoge, Noah H. Swayne, Esq., and Dr. Wm. M. Ayl, were appointed to carry into effect the benevolent intentions of the Legislature; and they were authorized not only to take the necessary steps for the erection of suitable buildings, but to employ a competent teacher immediately, and have the school opened this summer, in some suitable building which might be obtained temporarily for that use. We learn that they have appointed Mr. A. W. PENNINGMAN Principal of the new institution, who is now here, and that there will be no delay in putting the School into operation. Mr. PENNINGMAN was educated at the Boston Institution for the Blind, and has the experience of several years as a teacher in a similar institution. —*[Columbus Journal.]*

GREENVILLE, JULY.

Last week we stated that a Post Master on the route from Unionville to Spartanburgh had recently been arrested for purloining money from the Mail, but did not give particulars, as we received the intelligence in such a manner as would not authorize their publication. This week a correspondent has furnished us with a statement of facts connected with the affair, the substance of which we give below.

The Post master who has been arrested is by the name of M'Bryde, whose office is called M'Brydesville, on the route from Unionville to Spartanburgh C. H. For more than two years, money had been lost from the Mail between the latter place, and Charleston, but no clue could be had by which the depredation could be proved upon any one, until recently. It seems that the Post Master at Yorkville was in the habit of pasting his packages, instead of tying them, and when they arrived at Spartanburgh, they were frequently mutilated, and tied with twine. The Post Master at Spartanburgh directed the Stage Driver to miss all offices on the route, for one trip, except the one on which suspicion rested, and by this means much additional evidence was obtained. These facts were made known to the Postmaster General, who immediately sent on an Agent (Arthur Nelson, Esq.) who our correspondent remarks, "made but two or three passes before he fixed the guilt beyond the possibility of doubt, upon the Post Master at M'Brydesville. M'Bryde was arrested and bound to appear at Union Court, on the second Monday in October next, for trial."

Great credit is due our present indefatigable and efficient Postmaster General, for his promptness and energy in this affair; and the Post Master at Spartanburgh C. H. Mr. MICHAEL—is equally entitled to praise, for the very important aid he rendered in ferreting out the plunder of the Mail, and thereby fixing the stigma upon him who deserves it. We believe this is the first instance in which a Post Master in this State has ever been accused of robbing the Mail—a fact highly creditable to that respectable and intelligent class of citizens.

From the National Intelligencer.

TREASURY DRAFTS.

We give below an article of pregnant interest, from a citizen of the purest character, and one who is not moved, in this business, by any impulse but that of patriotism. He discloses a fact which will be new to the Public, and one which will serve to place in a strong light the present anomalous condition into which the affairs of this suffering country has been plunged.

TREASURY DRAFTS.—These from at present the circulating medium of the Government, by means of which its debts and the salaries of its officers are paid. By order from the Secretary of the Treasury and the sanction of the President, these are made receivable for all public dues, and put on a footing with the notes of the late U. S. Bank, as fixed by the charter. In other times it required the force of law to fix the currency of the country; but since the Government has been reduced to a simple machine, it is amazing to consider how much has been gained by dispensing with the incumbrance of legal enactments.—Only observe the advantage in this one case. Specie is at a premium of ten per cent. over the notes of the Bank of the Metropolis; the Treasury drafts, being receivable by the Government, are also at a premium. Now suppose Mr. KENDALL, Postmaster General, with a salary of \$6,000 per annum, to receive his quarter's pay amounting to \$1,500, in a warrant which shall be put into market at this rate; he obtains thereby \$150, or at the rate of \$600 a year in addition to his salary. A very pretty operation, this! But as our city does not furnish the most abundant supply of the precious metals, nor the best mart for this improved currency, suppose Mr. K. to despatch an agent with a warrant for his own and his clerk's salaries for the quarter, say \$14,000, to New York, and to sell it for a profit of 8 per cent., or \$1,120; which would give them the sum of \$4,480 to be added, in due proportions, to the salaries of the Postmaster General and